He is maintaine the Bridge very gallantly:
There is an Enſigne there,
I do not know how you call him,
But by *Ieſhu* I thinke he is as valiant as *Marke Anthony*,
He doth maintaine the Bridge moſt gallantly;
Yet he is a man of no reckoning;
But I did ſee him do gallant ſeruice.

Gouer. how do you call him?

Flew. his name is ancient *Piſtoll*.

Gouer. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Piſtoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to do me a fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praiſe God I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.

Piſt. *Bardolfe* a ſouldier, one of buxſome valour,
Hath by furious fate, and giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That God's blinde that ſtands vpon the rowling reſtleſſe ſtone.

Flew. By your patience Ancient *Piſtoll*,
Fortune looke you is painted plinde,
With a muſler before her eyes,
To ſignifie to you, that Fortune is plinde:
And ſhe is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the Morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconſtant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a ſpherical ſtone,
Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles;
Surely the Poet is make an excellent deſcription of Fortune.
Fortune looke you is an excellent Morall.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath ſtolne a packs, and hangd muſt he be;
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,

Let